

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 53,646. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of June, 1915, was 53,646.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 13 day of July, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Thought for the Day. A day at a time is the way to live a happy life. A companion that is cheerful is worth gold.—Isaac Walton.

But it was a good season for the lawyers and the professional alienists while it lasted!

Shippers might relieve their doubts by sending the Julia to the Speedway for a trial record.

Once more military activity puts Przasnysz on the map. Apparently neither side has guns of sufficient caliber to shoot it up.

Now that Harry Thaw has a certificate of sanity, the country would welcome more than ever his exclusion from publicity's spotlight.

It's dollars to doughnuts that if there were no buried treasure, neither would there be any forty-seven-year-old murder skeletons dug up.

The San Francisco exposition has revived the Greek festival with dancers in "flimsy tunics." Well, that's more than the modern style dancers wear.

And when the water works appraisalment was in progress Water board spokesmen objected to counting in any of the money expended for river rip-rapping as part of the investment.

Austria did not realize the "moral iniquity" of the American munitions until Italy closed the Adriatic Sea gate. Unable to get the goods, the horror of the business suddenly sunk in with a dull thud.

It is real mean of tyrant man to attach for back taxes the dear little runabout of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. The doctor appeals to the constitution in vain. A tax gatherer knows only one rule of action, "Get Caesar's due."

It is characteristic of American cities to defer public improvements until absolutely necessary, and Omaha is no exception to the rule. To widen Twenty-fourth street now would cost twice what it could have been done for five years ago.

The ocean-to-ocean airship race has been declared off because the \$25,000 purse brought out only one entry. The explanation offered is that all the aviation business is headed toward the European war arena. By deferring the race until after the war it should become an international event, with whole flocks of aviators in the flying, representing all the different nationalities.

Failure to pay a bill of \$50,000 for a device which prevented the interception of wireless messages indirectly led to the Navy department taking control of the wireless station at Sayville, Long Island. The Philadelphia inventor, unable to collect his claim, appealed to the government, which investigated and found the device doing overtime business in neutral and unneutral Hertzian waves. The first essential of wartime secrecy is the payment of the price.

Mrs. Erica C. Newman, wife of Rev. S. B. Newman of the Swedish Methodist Episcopal church, died at her residence.

The Omaha turnverein is arranging to give a grand concert for the benefit of Prof. Kumero, a German, who has been confined to a hospital because of his illness.

George and John Segelke, who have been visiting their brother, William Segelke, left for the old country.

Charles L. Todd, junior member of William Preston & Co., wholesale flour dealers, has sold out his interest to engage in other business.

Senator Manderson is back from his trip to the Pacific coast.

Messrs. A. D. and E. Brandels left for New York.

Another letter received from Max Meyer, dated at Vienna, speaks of meeting Mr. Silverstein, who is well known here, where he was in the cigar business before going abroad for his health.

T. P. Cartwright, one of the gentlemanly clerks at L. E. Whittier store, left for his home in Creston, Mo. to spend the day.

Bernstorff's Suggestion.

The German ambassador, in an interview, suggests the practicability of the United States mediating between Germany and Great Britain on the question of the freedom of the sea, indicating that this is the hope of the imperial government as expressed in the closing paragraph of the last note from Berlin. This course would determine the rights of neutrals, and do away with much that is now vexatious because of belligerent disposition to ignore provisions of international law.

The pressure of the packers' claims against Great Britain brings the question squarely to the front again. British interference with traffic on the high seas has been quite as complete as Germany's, the difference being the cargoes intercepted by the British are now taken into port, to be dealt with by prize courts.

The United States has so far omitted nothing that would make clear its position as to the rights of neutral traffic. If it can be of service in adjusting the controversy over the sea, it may also eventually open a way for settling the war on land. In the meantime, the questions are not to be confused, and separate negotiations will be carried on with London and Berlin, until Germany and England can agree to submit their cases for consideration.

Still Another Side to It.

In the last six months Nebraska has been treated to two object lessons, one illustrating the slipshod system that prevailed in the government of a small municipality. A village treasurer kept books in which a trial balance was a thing unknown. The village board required no monthly statement. The mayor was known to sign warrants in blank, the treasurer to fill in the name and amount, quite at variance with the spirit of the law. As a result expert accountants admit that the exact status of the affairs may never be ascertainable, unless the missing treasurer returns.

But there is still another side to it, which, while not in the least excusing or palliating dishonesty in any custodian of public money or contributory negligence of his associates in public office, calls for serious attention. In this case the delinquent treasurer was under bond given by a surety company in the same way that other treasurers are bonded, the transaction being strictly a matter of business so far as the bonding company is concerned. The public has been led to believe that these surety company bonds not only promise indemnification, but provide against a shortage through periodic check by experts. But the bondsmen for this treasurer for a dozen years never checked anything—they took the money paid as premium on the bond, and gave nothing in return, not even the oversight that a personal surety would have given. Instead they lulled to sleep with a false sense of security the other officials, who should have been wide awake and alert. If the bonding companies are not careful, the next thing that will confront them will be state legislation for a public indemnity fund through which the taxpayers will themselves insure the honesty of their officials.

Arbitration Again Justified.

The outcome of the Chicago street railway labor difficulty is another splendid proof of the efficacy of arbitration. A great strike was called off in its incipency, the service on the city's street car lines was restored, the public was spared great inconvenience and all the undesirable features of a labor war were averted by the resort to arbitration. As a further result, the men gain a substantial increase in wages, and relief in other directions that will greatly improve their situation, while the companies gain in the continuous operation of their lines under peaceful conditions.

Neither side to a labor dispute has ever yet been found entirely in the right, while settlements achieved by force are not settlements at all. Adjustments attained by calm and judicial consideration of all the elements that enter into the dispute are lasting and widespread in their effects. It is this that is lending weight more and more to the trade agreement that provides for arbitration when conciliation or mutual agreement have failed. The result just announced from Chicago is an encouraging sign that we are coming to substitute reason for force.

Foreign Trade After the War.

The vice chairman of the United States Trade commission predicts great wealth for the United States, to be derived from the foreign commerce that will be built up as a result of the war. This note has been struck many times of late, the conclusion being so obvious as to fairly obtrude itself. Conquering foreign fields in commercial endeavor has been a continual subject of discussion for months, and the latest of plans proposed is one in which the Trade commission is taking an active part. It comprehends the adoption of a system for co-operative selling, by the manufacturers of the United States, along the lines of the German "kartel."

This touches the whole question of combination in trade. The United States was already well established as an exporter of manufactures before the war broke out in Europe, meeting German, British, French and Belgian competition in the world markets. This was notably true in the lines that are represented in this country by strong organization, such as agricultural machinery, which, by the way, has been hit hardest of all by the war. Some of the bigger domestic combinations, such as the companies that control in copper, have very suddenly developed a marked regard for the anti-trust laws, and ask for permission to unite on foreign trade in order to be free from possible prosecution. It seems quite certain congress is to be approached on this topic.

In the meantime, natural factors are working in favor of the United States. European manufacturers are sadly handicapped by the war, and will be in even a worse plight when the war is over. Their business has been disrupted in all its activities, their working forces dispersed and it will require many months to bring about the readjustment needed for efficient operation after peace is finally declared. This gives the United States a tremendous advantage and justifies the belief that America will dominate the world's commerce.

Just for the foolishness of one or two members of the city council, Omaha electric light consumers have for four months been paying higher rates than there was any need of paying, making a present to the electric lighting company of not less than \$30,000.

Adventures in Shopping

T. T. Cook in System. SOMETIMES she shops alone—this lady, sometimes with a feminine friend, and occasionally she lets ping adventure or two. And how they vary! They're as full of queer twists and turns as the heart of woman itself. They are unpleasant and pleasant, commonplace and exciting, in turn. From contented laughs over successful shopping episodes she runs the gamut to stormy tears of indignation. Perhaps the telling of a few of these adventures may mean more than the mere setting down of sprightly conversation. Something tells me it will.

The first that comes to mind is that of the slippers. They were purchased last summer; the methods in vogue at the two shops entered were so extreme as to be amusing. It seems impossible that two up-to-date shoe stores, standing almost shoulder to shoulder, should show such a disparity in salesmanship.

Let the lady tell about it. "Well, I bought my slippers today," she said one evening, "and such a time! First I went to H's. Well! I'll tell you one thing: I'll never go there again. "What do you think the woman said to me? It was early in the morning, you understand, and she wasn't a bit busy. I thought I'd surely get the best of attention. I told her exactly what I wanted. Yes, she had them. She went away for a moment and came back with a rather good looking slipper, but the moment she tried it on I knew it was much too big. I told her so, and she said she could have seen the book she gave me. "Too big" she said. "My dear young lady, I wouldn't sell you a smaller shoe."

"I simply couldn't resist saying, 'Very well, don't bother; you couldn't sell me anything now.' "Then I went over to S's. They were busier than the other place, but I didn't have to wait long. A nice, middle-aged woman waited on me, and as soon as I told her what I wanted she showed signs of being interested. "Why certainly," she said, "I think I have exactly what you want." She was back in a moment. And—and I suppose the price was a dollar or two more than I should have spent—but it was a beauty.

"But listen, here's the point. I asked her if she thought I could wear a shoe like that—it was rather extreme. 'Extreme?' she said. 'Why, you could wear any shoe in our store.' "What do you think of a few words more.

Flattery? Well, maybe. But it did more good than the other woman's talk. The lady bought that pair of shoes, you may be sure—even though they did cost \$3 more than she wanted to pay. As for the virtues of S's shoes—all you have to do is mention the word, and the lady breaks into the talk with something like this: "Personally, I like S's. I had more satisfaction in buying this last pair than"—and so on.

"My, I'm tired," complained the lady late one afternoon, "and I ought to go over to Turner's for bread and sugar. I'd telephone for it, but they'll think I'm crazy if I ask them to send over such a small order. I suppose I'll have to go." "Tired as she was, the lady was not too tired to wait for Miss Ella, her favorite saleswoman at Turner's. She gave her order, received the goods, and then said: "You know, Miss Ella, I often need one or two little things and hate to call you up to send them. What do you people consider an order large enough to deliver?" "Right there, Miss Ella made her lasting impression. "Mrs. See, any time you want a single thing—a loaf of bread or a lemon, just you call up and ask for me. I'll send it right away," she said promptly, "too." "The irony of it is: Miss Ella's health made her leave the big grocery just a few weeks later. But you couldn't pry the lady loose from dealing there for her, the place has traditions.

We needed a screen, a nice, low mahogany screen—and it didn't dare be above a certain height. The lady said so. Our friends said they didn't think they were made like that, and I'd probably have to have it built to order. There were two furniture houses to which we usually went before making a purchase. We went to the first and put the question to the man who usually waits on us. He said he was afraid they did not have it. "But let's go upstairs a moment," he invited. "I'd like to show you what we do have."

It developed that he had in stock a screen of exactly the same dimensions and general appearance, but its frame was a rather unattractive "mission-furniture" style. The lady passed me a tiny wink. That meant, let's try the other place. So I spoke up and told him how much we thanked him, but we didn't think we could possibly use that one. Perhaps we would stop in again. We were very welcome, he assured us, but why not let him order one of that size with a mahogany frame? "I could have it here in two weeks, you know," he suggested, "and in the meantime I could send this one up to the house and you could use it and then send it back when your order arrives."

It sounded so much like getting something for nothing that neither of us could quite find words to express our appreciation; but after we got home and thought it over, the good business of the deal—the fact that he kept us from leaving the store and trying his biggest rival, the fact that he held us off and at the same time did us a favor, and so on—appeared in its proper light.

"Not because I wanta make a sale, y' understand, not a tall," the raven-haired gent assured us, "but here is a overcoat, young man, that you'll make a mistake not to take." I looked at the lady. She actually seemed to like it—the salesman's method, I mean. He certainly was trying to make the sale, and I'd probably have to have it built to order. There were two furniture houses to which we usually went before making a purchase. We went to the first and put the question to the man who usually waits on us. He said he was afraid they did not have it. "But let's go upstairs a moment," he invited. "I'd like to show you what we do have."

"Young man, I tell you the truth, we had just about half a dozen of them Oxford in stock and they are all gone—mostly to old men." "Very well," I said, "if you don't have any of them left I'll wait 'til next week. I'm going to N'York." "N'York?" he shouted. "N'York! That's my home, young man. I know all about N'York. Now understand me, it's not because I wanta make a sale, but I tell you if you go over to N'York you pay \$10 more for the same coat."

All the time I was getting more disgusted with his aggressiveness, take-it-whether-you-want-it-or-not style. It was after noon, so it occurred to me that it might be possible to escape by calling attention to the fact that we'd just eat. "We are just on our way to lunch," I explained. "I think we'll not decide until after that—we'll talk it over while we eat." Just for a moment did that stagger him. Then he came back: "Just a second, please, just wait right here a second, will you? It's not because I wanta force you to buy this coat, y' understand, but I think there's another man here who's looking for a blue business suit."

We went around several counters and tables to where another salesman was leisurely talking with a man about six sizes larger than myself. They had quite a conversation, entirely whispered. "I wonder if we look as if a transparent little trick like that could fool us," I asked the lady. Then he of the raven locks returned. "Now, of course, you are buying the coat, Mr.—Mr.—you are buying the coat, y' understand, but there is a gentleman over there who is looking for a coat just as I suspected. Now I don't want to press you a tall, but don't you see that if you waited an hour or two he might decide that he wants this very garment?"

But I had already pressed the elevator button and the car was coming. One more effort he made, hitching around so that he barred the entrance to the elevator. "Tell me what I'll do," he said. "If you think you want this coat, just you say so. I'll put it away for you. I'll take your word for it. Just drop in after you have your lunch and that way you'll be sure it's here for you." "But we managed to duck under his arm. As the car began to descend he stuck one of his cards through the grating. Take my card away," he shouted after us—and then we were in peace. Did we not go back for that coat? We did not. Furthermore, when we pass that store we invariably exchange a smile and repeat, "Not because I wanta make a sale."

The Bee's Letter Box

Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Saratoga Springs, July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: Here in Saratoga Springs, the only place where one may carry a bottle without being suspected of anything worse than appendicitis, the president of the Omaha Commercial club sends me views of the city. The improvements are inspiring. The sixteen-story buildings, the old city on stilts, are cheerfully spectacular. With the power canal they would have more than doubled this showing. Make the rally cry: "The power canal in 1916; Omaha four hundred thousand in 1920!" Los Angeles demonstrates how.

I advertise Omaha to audiences several times a week. Give me a booster like the power canal to lure easterners, and make them your investors.

Here Bryan's favorite beverage is a mineral spring. This is the Carlsbad of the United States, although Carlsbad's gambling is no more. Analysis proves these waters are a remedy for all ills except politics. Now it is a state reservation mania become epidemic, despite the healing virtues of the famous waters. Saratoga is a good summer resort city, but property is cheap. She has just let out a tuck in her gown, and made her debut as a city. A comfortable place, not far from peerless Lake George, with a whiff of the Adirondack mountains elixir. The change from a water bottling town to a full-fledged city cranks up the machinery. The double use of the cork-screw in pulling corks and salaries in-come new life into the municipality.

Summer guests are coming in a way that promises a paying season, thanks to the German submarines cutting the exodus to Europe delirium. The billboard badges indicate the same perennial leisure class, holding a dog for exercise of the dog.

Ex-Governor Blanton of Georgia has just been here to try the waters as a remedy for pardoning Frank. As usual the Springs failed to help a political ail and he will run for the United States senate. His sprint getting out of Georgia gives him a good start.

I doubt if the Saratoga waters have as many peculiar properties as the Omaha city water used to have. Now that the property is owned by Omaha, no doubt it is different. This last settling bastion eliminates the worst troubles.

Schneetday was a graveyard for ghosts and bats; electric power has made it one of the best known hustlers on the map. I could name many others east and west, north and south, and the facts are a demonstration, no theory. Engineer Rose-water showed years ago that Omaha has the cheapest hydraulic electric in the United States. Why advertise and beg for investors? Get cheap power and investors will beg for factory sites, crowding for a place in the new Eldorado, and it will no longer be "estimated population," but the census figures, "Omaha, 400,000!" So mote it be.

Here week longer. Hopefully, LU B. CAKE.

A Last Final Reply. SOUTH SIDE, OMAHA, July 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: As a final reply to the party who is afraid to sign his own name and who seems to prefer to fight in the dark, I will say that the people of the defunct city of South Omaha not only voted to get rid of the old name on June 1. The comparison as to counties does not apply to a city in any degree. We do not say or write Omaha, Eastern Nebraska, nor do we write it Beatrice, South Nebraska, nor will there be any necessity of writing it South Omaha in any degree after the north and south numbers are changed.

I notice that most of the opposition to calling it the South Side are those who voted against annexation. They seem to harbor a faint hope that the annexation act will be finally set aside by the courts, but they are indulging in a dream that will never come true. A great many people from down here have always registered as being from Omaha, and that list includes lots of anti-annexationists. Of course they did not have much "belic pride" if that is what you call it. Nor did they think they had much to be proud of.

If Omaha was a big city like Chicago or New York there might be some excuse for calling a part of the city one name and another part another name, but when the united population of the two cities is a good deal less than 200,000 there is no excuse in the world for two names and I for one will continue to call it the South Side. F. A. AGNEW.

The Nom de Plume. SHIRIDAN, Wyo., July 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: In re The Bee's Letter Box, will you please allow me to again enter my protest against the writers using it who are unwilling to sign their real names? A nom de plume's opinion is seldom worth noting and their emanations should not be placed before the public. I succeeded in bringing "E. O. M." out and my published objection to "Cured in Five Days" has brought me a handful of letters asking me to publish a statement in your paper retracting my letter and allow that proprietary medicine firm to continue using your Letter Box to advertise their preparation. They admit your publishing the lady's two-thirds column letter brought them several patients who paid well for their treatment. And the same lady used the World-Herald to publish "Flowers of Hope" for the same purpose, and in which appeared this beautiful, meaningless, unintelligible verse of impossibilities:

"The lily bulb in the dark! Its green sheath scattered the flowers of woe; Ere the third day dawned all its crimson glow Was quenched to the utmost spark. "Oh dear! dear! To think of hearing a lily bulb grow in the dark! And then for its green sheath to scatter flowers of woe until all its crimson glow was quenched to the utmost spark! And yet the lady who wrote it wrote me that it brought patients to the firm. It makes me wonder if your worthy United States senator knows his paper is being worked for the free advertising of a money making proprietary medicine firm.

And now poor "A. B. Mickle," who so honestly admits spending twice as much money each week for tobacco as for beef-steak for a family of seven and whose bete noir in this life seems to be "moving pictures and candy and ice cream," has been attacked already by six communists who certainly ought to let their readers know who they are. Why do you hesitate or refuse to sign your names, beatrice or not? Why do you do better? If they want "A. B. Mickle" to do better? And these another pseudonym writers

from Tilden, Neb., "Poly Giot," whose communications are unintelligible to the writer, and one cannot but wonder what he is trying to accomplish. Your editorial reply to my original letter on this subject tried to justify the use of the nom de plume, because "the signature would add no weight or might tend to provoke personal controversy," and that is just what such letters are doing. There would be more weight and less controversy if all correspondents signed their names.

Nebraska Editors

The Fort Calhoun Chronicle, Frank C. Adams, editor and publisher, made its appearance last week.

H. E. Wills, formerly of Omaha, is the new editor and manager of the Loup City Times-Independent.

The New Era is the name of a new paper edited and published by P. J. George and C. F. George at Hebron.

E. A. Walrath, proprietor of the Osceola Democrat, has been appointed commissioner of printing by Governor Morehead.

J. Herbert Riggs has succeeded his late father, James H. Riggs, as manager of the Waterloo Gazette, Elkhorn Exchange and Millard Courier. The senior Mr. Riggs, who has been connected with a number of Nebraska papers in the last thirty years, died suddenly in his office a few days ago.

Editor George Miller of the Papillion Times, and Miss Ethel Espey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Espey, of South Papillion, were married a few days ago. They are spending their honeymoon in the west and will be at home at Papillion after August 1. Mr. Miller, who was formerly superintendent of schools of Barry county, is also the Papillion postmaster.

The Republican Valley Editorial association at its annual meeting at McCook July 9 elected these officers: President, J. W. Hammond, Cambridge Clarion; vice president, A. L. Taylor, Trenton Republican-Leader; secretary-treasurer, Karl L. Spence, Franklin News. The next meeting will be held at Trenton.

BREEZY TRIFLES

"Why do you sign your name J. John E. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered"—Youth's Companion.

"What do you think about eating so much meat in summer, Mrs. Compep?" "Since the awful things the doctors have said about it, we'll all become vegetarians."—Baltimore American.

"Ladies," announced the president of an afternoon bridge club, "ladies, it has been moved and recorded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?" "I suggest," said a sprightly little blonde, "I suggest that we discuss it while we play."—Philadelphia Ledger.

KABIBBLE KABARET

HE GIVES A SWAP UP THE OFFICE, AND MAKES A TERRIBLE DUST HE STARRS A AMPUL COMOTION, I THINK HE THINKS HE MUST!

ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT. Philander Johnson in Washington Star. They bid us laugh at trouble and to cheer dull care away. For trouble will grow greater if you nurse it day by day. But you couldn't laugh at trouble and I couldn't banish care. When fate turned out a grievance as my own especial share, I've smiled at the material for custom-ary grief. The cook who burned the biscuit seemed a mischief aprite to me. The small boy with a stomach ache—how he has made me grin. How I've chuckled at the teacher who sat down upon a pin. But when the biscuit that was burned at breakfast met my gaze, My feelings sought expression in a dozen different ways. The small boy with the pain, when once I met him face to face. Evoked my sympathy and left of laughter not a trace. Of joy the situation showed a most convincing lack. When I sustained a puncture by a pin or by a tack. That smiles will banish sorrow all philosophy has shown. But it's hard to laugh at trouble if the trouble is your own.

The PLAZA HOTEL NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE and FIFTY-NINTH ST. The coolest hotel in New York. Overlooking Central Park. Within easy distance of all theatres and shops. Your address known the world over while you stop at The Plaza. OUTDOOR TERRACE AND SUMMER GARDEN Special Dancing Features Single Rooms with Bath, \$3.50 up Double Rooms with Bath, \$5.00 up To reserve rooms or to secure further information address FRID STERRY, Managing Director



There was a Heavenly Light in her very face

I think, now that I have seen "The Goddess" I know why Joan of Arc had that mysterious angelic color in her expression. Because her mission—the bigness of it—the realization of the undertaking that was her burden—the nation that was pleading with her to save it—was reflected in her life and expression.

And I think that it is precisely these emotions which inspired Anita—I mean Celestia. (They are now one and the same). As a woman from Heaven her mission is to save the world. And in her costume and with the settings that lend atmosphere to her person, she has gradually come to believe in the spirituality of her character.

Such playing is more than real acting. It is nearer to the attitude of the inspired minister or the beatifying Sister of Mercy.

Join the army—follow

The Goddess See the Vitagraph pictures at your favorite theatre. Read the Story of Gouverneur Morris in Daily Bee